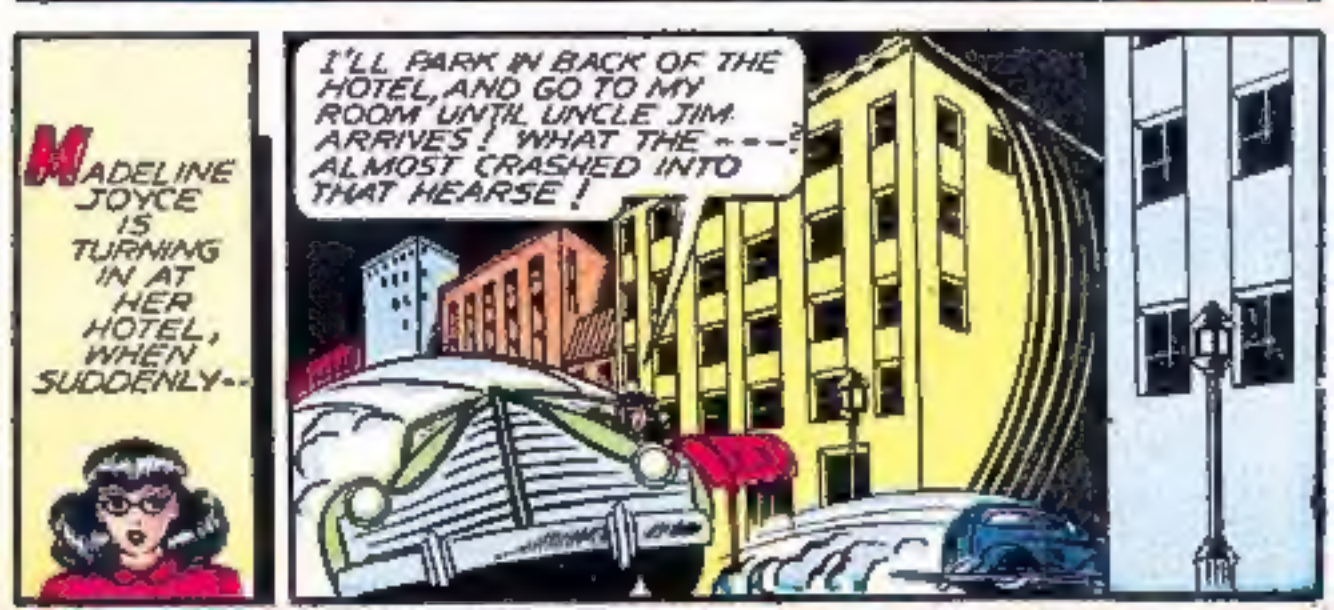
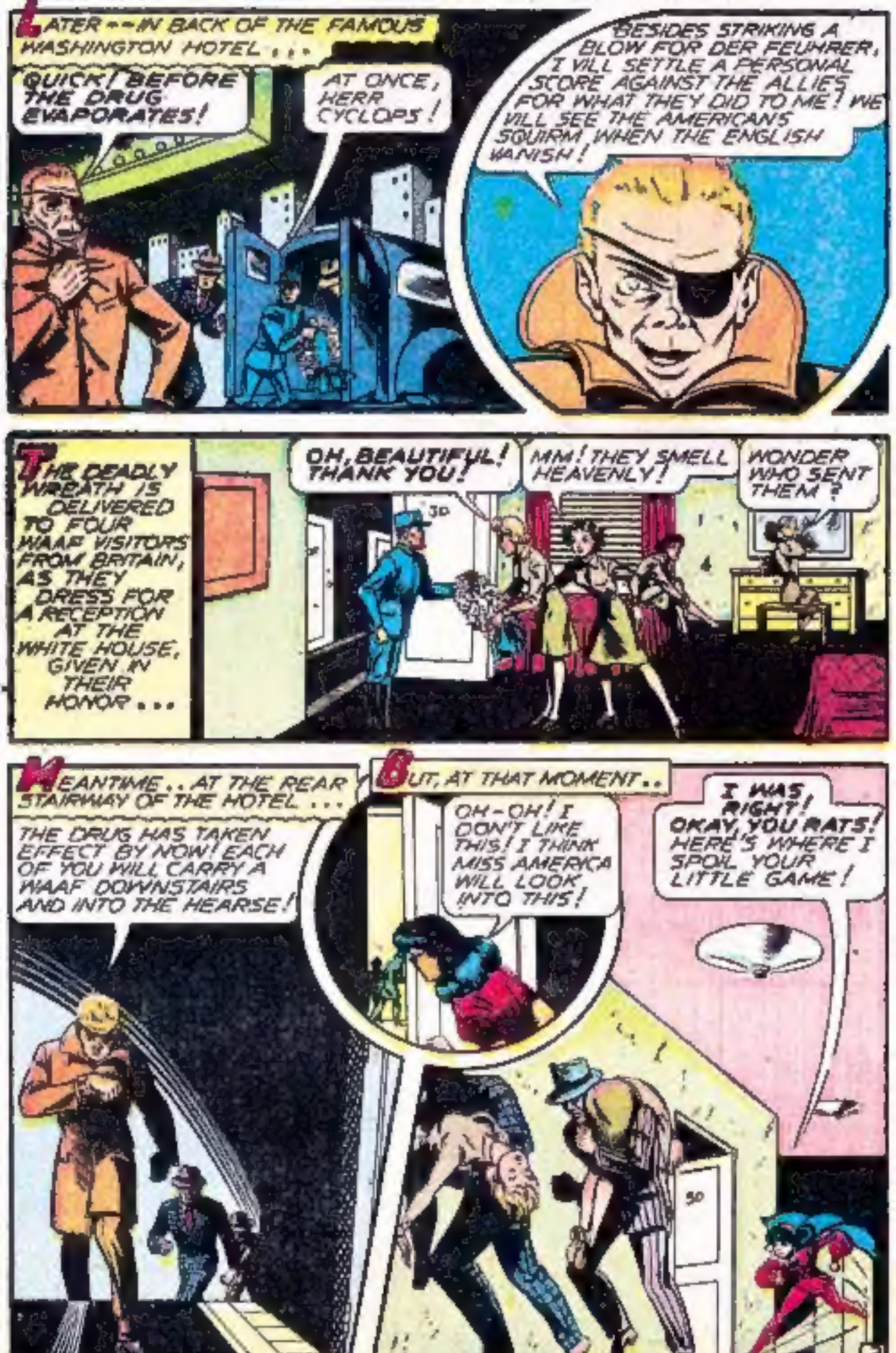
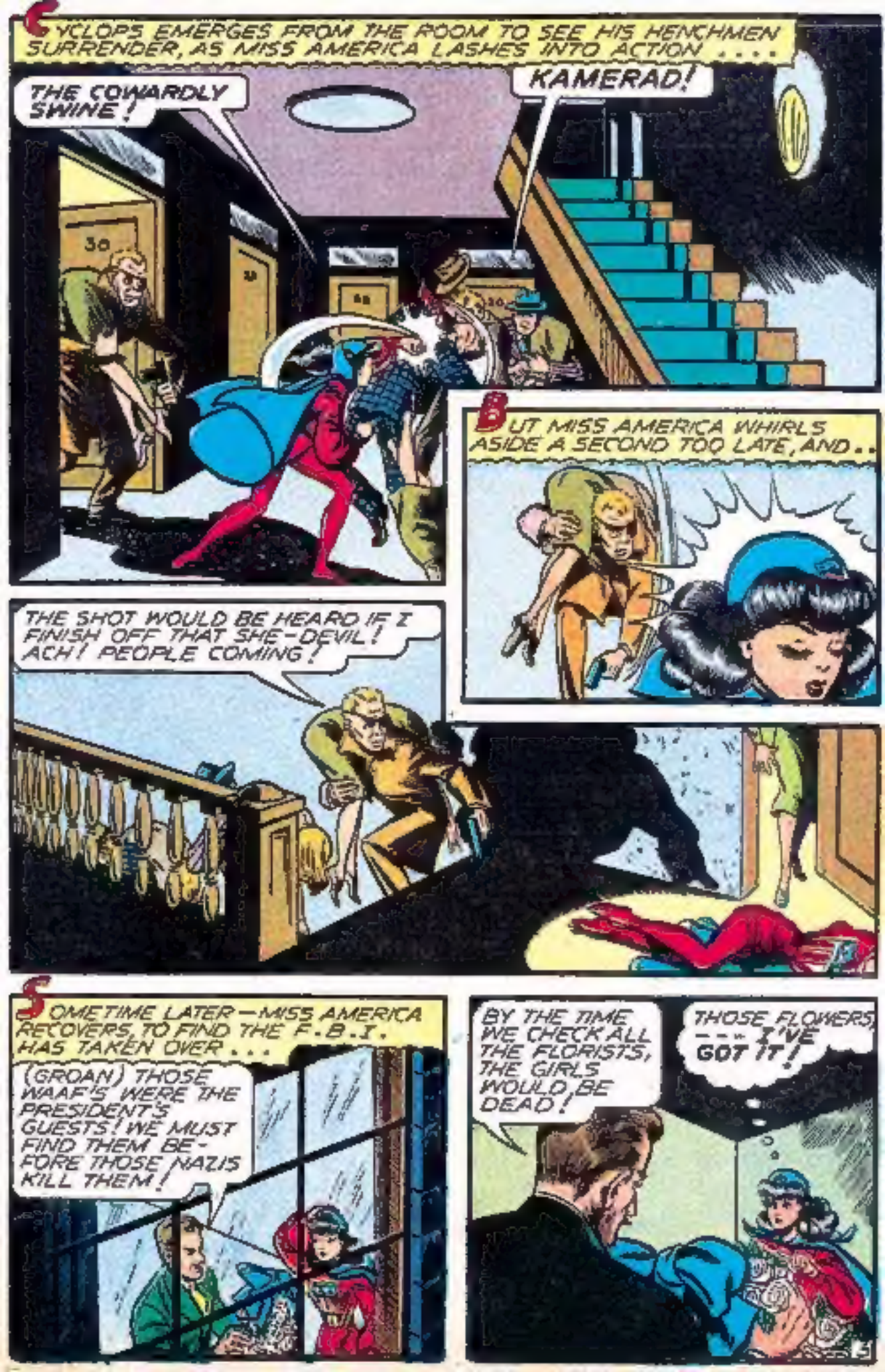
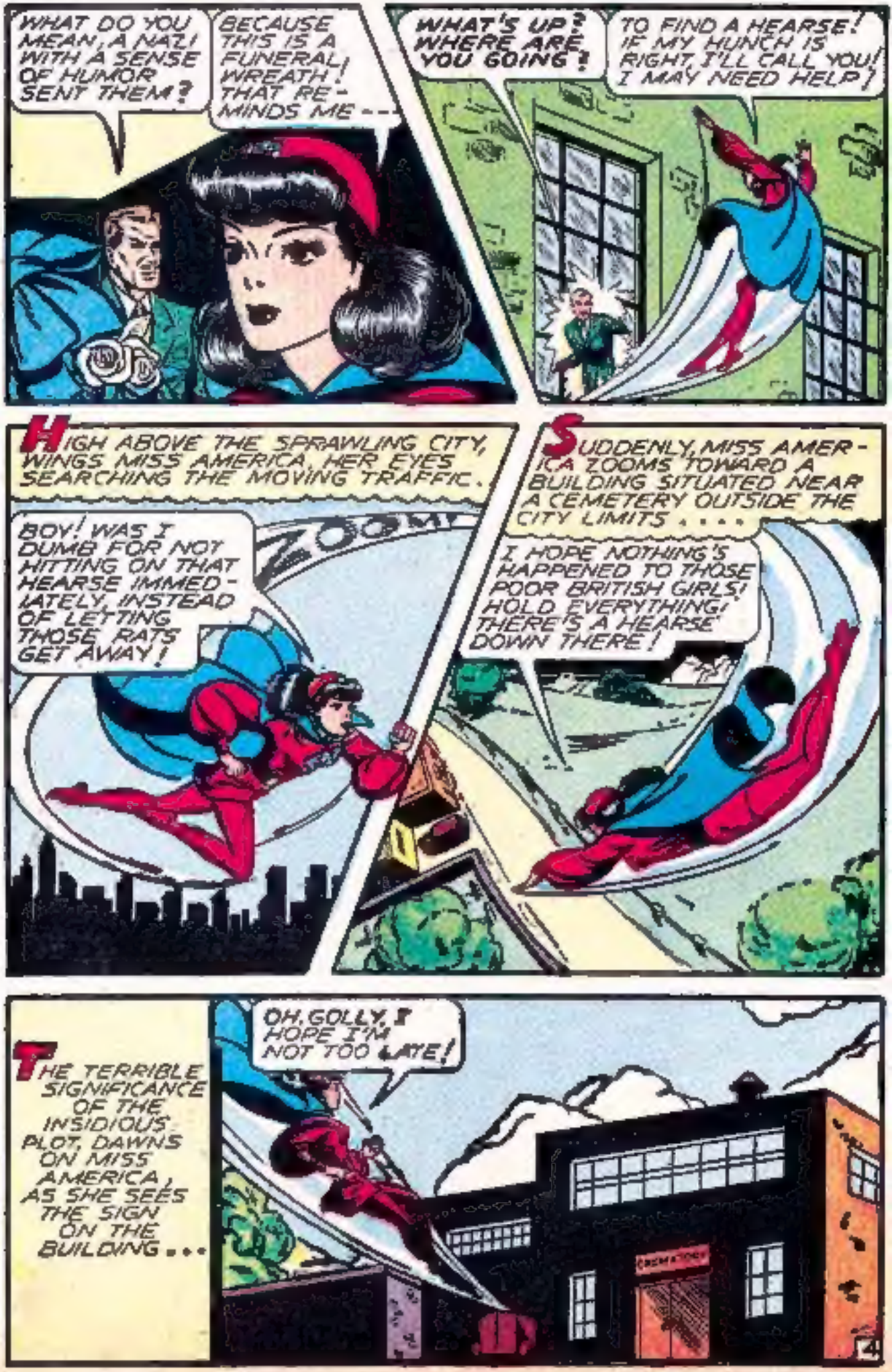
Miss AMERICA
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD! A STIRRING CASE FROM MISS AMERICA'S SECRET CRIME FILES....
HIS EVIL BRAIN WARPED BY A SEARING HATRED FOR THE ALLIED CAUSE, A NAZI AGENT PLOTS A HIDEOUS FATE FOR HIS VICTIMS--FOLLOW MISS AMERICA AS SHE BATTLES WITH THE MADMAN!
"CYCLOPS"

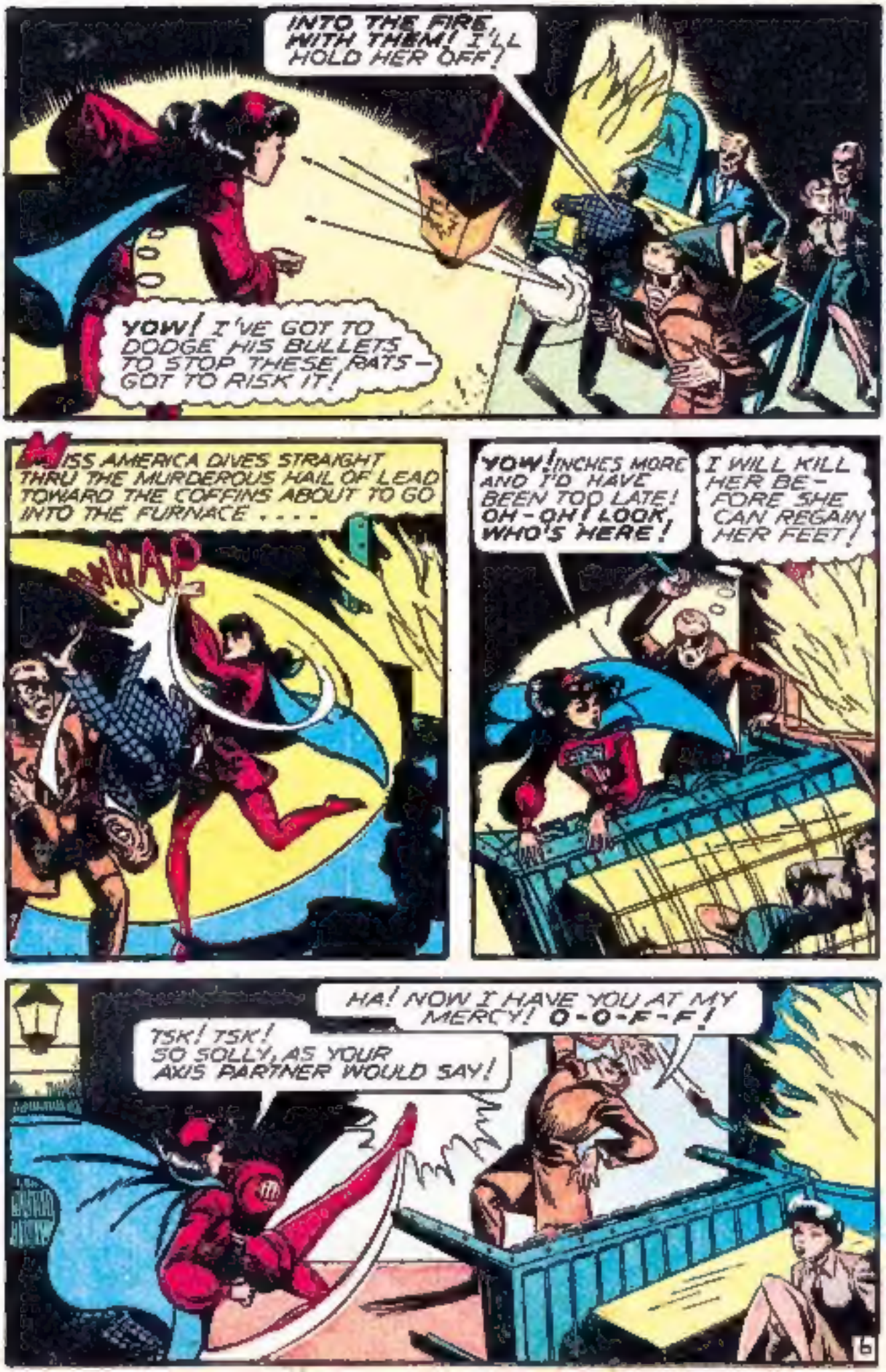

MADELINE JOYCE IS TURNING IN AT HER HOTEL, WHEN SUDDENLY--
I'LL PARK IN BACK OF THE HOTEL, AND GO TO MY ROOM UNTIL UNCLE JIM ARRIVES! WHAT THE ---! ALMOST CRASHED INTO THAT HEARSE!

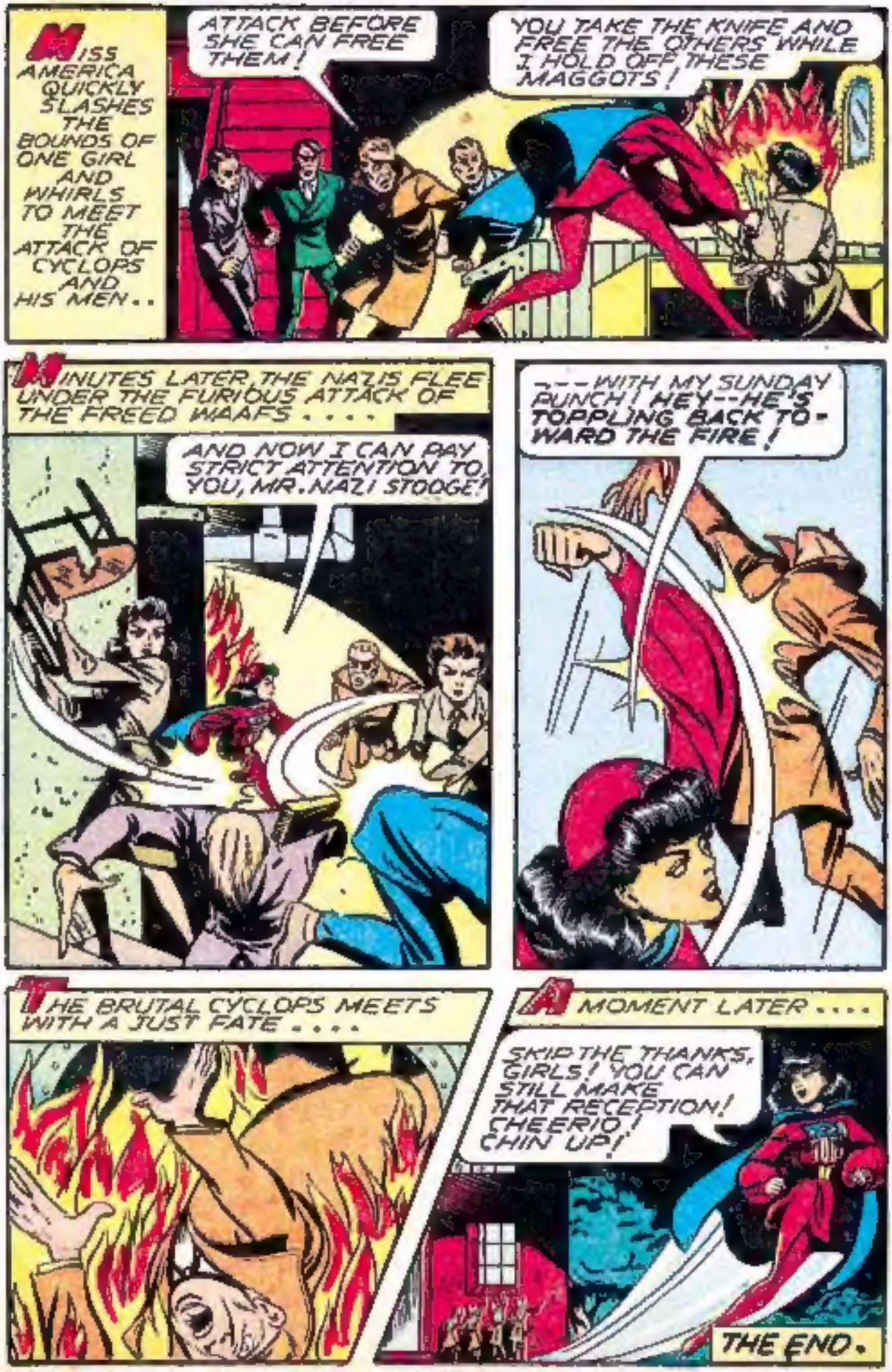

LATER--IN BACK OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON HOTEL...
QUICK! BEFORE THE DRUG EVAPORATES!
AT ONCE, HERR CYCLOPS!
BESIDES STRIKING A BLOW FOR DER FEUHRER, I VILL SETTLE A PERSONAL SCORE AGAINST THE ALLIES FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ME! WE VILL SEE THE AMERICANS SQUIRM WHEN THE ENGLISH VANISH!
THE DEADLY WREATH IS DELIVERED TO FOUR WAAF VISITORS FROM BRITAIN, AS THEY DRESS FOR A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, GIVEN IN THEIR HONOR...
OH, BEAUTIFUL! THANK YOU!
MM! THEY SMELL HEAVENLY!
WONDER WHO SENT THEM?
MEANTIME..AT THE REAR STAIRWAY OF THE HOTEL...
THE DRUG HAS TAKEN EFFECT BY NOW! EACH OF YOU WILL CARRY A WAAF DOWNSTAIRS AND INTO THE HEARSE!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT..
OH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THIS! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL LOOK INTO THIS!
I WAS RIGHT! OKAY, YOU RATS! HERE'S WHERE I SPOIL YOUR LITTLE GAME!
2


CYCLOPS EMERGES FROM THE ROOM TO SEE HIS HENCHMEN SURRENDER, AS MISS AMERICA LASHES INTO ACTION . . . .
THE COWARDLY SWINE!
KAMERAD!
30
BUT MISS AMERICA WHIRLS ASIDE A SECOND TOO LATE, AND . .
THE SHOT WOULD BE HEARD IF I FINISH OFF THAT SHE-DEVIL! ACH! PEOPLE COMING!
SOMETIME LATER—MISS AMERICA RECOVERS, TO FIND THE F.B.I. HAS TAKEN OVER . . .
(GROAN) THOSE WAAF'S WERE THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS! WE MUST FIND THEM BE-FORE THOSE NAZIS KILL THEM!
BY THE TIME WE CHECK ALL THE FLORISTS, THE GIRLS WOULD BE DEAD!
THOSE FLOWERS, — — I'VE GOT IT!


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A NAZI WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR SENT THEM?
BECAUSE THIS IS A FUNERAL WREATH! THAT RE-MINDS ME---
WHAT'S UP? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO FIND A HEARSE! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'LL CALL YOU! I MAY NEED HELP!
HIGH ABOVE THE SPRAWLING CITY, WINGS MISS AMERICA, HER EYES SEARCHING THE MOVING TRAFFIC.
ZOOM
BOY! WAS I DUMB FOR NOT HITTING ON THAT HEARSE IMMED-IATELY, INSTEAD OF LETTING THOSE RATS GET AWAY!
SUDDENLY, MISS AMER-ICA ZOOMS TOWARD A BUILDING SITUATED NEAR A CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS . . .
I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO THOSE POOR BRITISH GIRLS! HOLD EVERYTHING! THERE'S A HEARSE DOWN THERE!
THE TERRIBLE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INSIDIOUS PLOT, DAWNS ON MISS AMERICA, AS SHE SEES THE SIGN ON THE BUILDING . . .
OH, GOLLY, I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
CREMATORY
4

MEANWHILE--IN THE FURNACE ROOM OF THE CREMATORY, THE HELPLESS WAAFS WATCH THE RUTHLESS CYCLOPS METE OUT PUNISHMENT TO HIS OWN MEN . . . .
AWAY, YOU SNIVELING COWARDS! YOU MUST PAY FOR SURRENDERING TO MISS AMERICA! INTO THE FIRE! THE BRITISH FRAULEINS WILL HAVE A PREVIEW OF WHAT AWAITS THEM!
MERCY! I BEG YOU!
THE DOOR OF THE ROARING FURNACE CLOSES ON THE SHRIEKS OF THE DOOMED NAZIS . . . .
NO! NO!
LOOK! HA! HA! HA! HEAR THE CRACKLE OF THE FLAMES? SOON YOU WILL FEEL THAT SEARING BLAZE! INTO THE FIRE!
BUT JUST AS THE FIRST OF THE DOOMED WAAFS IS ABOUT TO REACH THE HUNGRY FLAMES, THE DOOR AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS GIVES WAY, AND ---
MADE IT!
MISS AMERICA!


INTO THE FIRE WITH THEM! I'LL HOLD HER OFF!
YOW! I'VE GOT TO DODGE HIS BULLETS TO STOP THESE RATS — GOT TO RISK IT!
MISS AMERICA DIVES STRAIGHT THRU THE MURDEROUS HAIL OF LEAD TOWARD THE COFFINS ABOUT TO GO INTO THE FURNACE . . . .
WHAP
YOW! INCHES MORE AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOO LATE! OH-OH! LOOK, WHO'S HERE!
I WILL KILL HER BE-FORE SHE CAN REGAIN HER FEET!
HA! NOW I HAVE YOU AT MY MERCY! O-O-F-F!
TSK! TSK! SO SOLLY, AS YOUR AXIS PARTNER WOULD SAY!
6


MISS AMERICA QUICKLY SLASHES THE BOUNDS OF ONE GIRL AND WHIRLS TO MEET THE ATTACK OF CYCLOPS AND HIS MEN..
ATTACK BEFORE SHE CAN FREE THEM!
YOU TAKE THE KNIFE AND FREE THE OTHERS WHILE I HOLD OFF THESE MAGGOTS!
MINUTES LATER, THE NAZIS FLEE UNDER THE FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE FREED WAAFS....
AND NOW I CAN PAY STRICT ATTENTION TO YOU, MR. NAZI STOOGE!
---WITH MY SUNDAY PUNCH! HEY--HE'S TOPPLING BACK TOWARD THE FIRE!
THE BRUTAL CYCLOPS MEETS WITH A JUST FATE....
A MOMENT LATER....
SKIP THE THANKS, GIRLS! YOU CAN STILL MAKE THAT RECEPTION! CHEERIO! CHIN UP!
THE END.

MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
MAY
NO. 72
10¢
PRECINCT
P.D.
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